

The Mountain Advocate.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN KNOX COUNTY

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BARBOURVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1917.

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BLACK

Last Tuesday morning at about three o'clock, Mrs. Etta Shaffer Black, wife of Dr. W. C. Black, died at their home on Knox St.

Mrs. Black had been in delicate health most all summer and grew worse until a few days ago when she appeared to be getting along nicely. Sunday she became worse, and while all was done for her that medical skill could do, she passed peacefully away. We are told that she had a complication of diseases, and that she got beyond medical skill before she or any of the family was fully aware of the fact.

Mrs. Black was born in Reynoldsville, Pa., on March 25th, 1882, and died September 25th, 1917, age 34 years and 6 months. Besides her husband, she leaves four children, three sons and one daughter, her father and mother and —brothers and —sisters who are heartbroken at the sad and untimely death of their loved one. She was a good woman with more than the ordinary intelligence; a hard worker in the Church, a member of the Civic League and many other societies and clubs; she was one of that kind of good women that could be counted on when there was work to be done for the betterment of the community.

Mrs. Black will be sadly missed by all her neighbors and friends, but the place that can never be filled, is in the home and around the fireside of W. C. Black. Many times the footsteps of others will be mistaken for hers by the heartbroken father and little ones who will look and listen for mother, and their calls will only be answered by the echo of their own voice until that day when the summons shall come for the faithful to arise then they shall see and know her again.

Mrs. Black was a member of Methodist Church, and lived a devoted Christian. Her funeral was held at the First M. E. Church at 2 p. m. Wednesday, and the body was placed in the family vault in the city cemetery at 3 p. m. To the bereaved husband and family of this good woman, we tender our tenderest sympathies.

Army Call

Not knowing when I may be called to Army service, I wish to sell some mules and a good saddle mare; If you are interested in buying any kind of a mule from \$150, to \$225, in good value, teams or odd mules, or a good farm and saddle mare, see or write me at once.

C. A. Morris,
Wilton Ky.

"THE LINE-UP FOR CONGRESS"

We see in the last issue of "The Mountain Advocate," the paper as we all know that is issued in the home town of our present member of Congress, Mr. Caleb Powers, a very strong indorsement of Hon. J. M. Robison for the seat in Congress now held by Mr. Powers.

We have not the time just now to comment on that indorsement of that distinguished lawyer, able jurist, good citizen, open hearted Christian gentleman, whose ability throughout the state stands second to no man in his chosen profession, other than to pause and say "We most heartily indorse the sentiments contained in that editorial and expect, if Mr. Robison enters that race, to throw the columns of The Corbin Times open to his interests, with our best wishes and most earnest efforts to forward his already great promises of success."

For many years in this section of the state, Mr. Robison has been most favorably known at the Bar as an acknowledged leader; as a neighbor and friend he is always welcomed; to the poor and needy his hands and purse are always open; to the churches and schools his valuable friendship has always been sought, not in vain, but answered with a liberality that is always appreciated.

We feel that that mantle of Congressional honor could find no shoulders that would more ably bear the burden nor no intellect that would more nearly bring Kentucky's past standard of greatness among her former Congressmen up to her old time level of respect from the whole Nation, than would Hon. J. M. Robison.

The Corbin Times is and will be for him to the last.—Corbin Times.

An Old Time Box Supper

Tomorrow night there will be an old time Box Supper and Joint Debate at Highland School House. The subject for discussion is Resolved that "women should have equal suffrage with men." An address will be delivered by Mr. J. M. Robison, there will also be sold many boxes with good things to eat and possibly a card within from some fair Damsel that you might fall in love with. Prizes will be given to the ugliest man and one to the prettiest girl present. Proceeds will go for the benefit of a District Library.



Guy L. Dickinson

Mr. Guy L. Dickinson, one of Barbourville's young and promising lawyers, left last Tuesday for the trenches in France, or rather for the air in France. He passed a successful examination before the board and has been sent to Aviation training camp at Atlanta, Ga.

He and Mr. Thomas Hayden, Artemus Ky., together with 47 others went into the same class for examination, Dickinson and Hayden both of Knox county and one from the state of Michigan were the only ones to successfully pass the required examination. So it is that Knox county get two out of 49 of the

applicants and two out of the three that did pass.

We go the assertion that if Guy is given the chance he will deliver the body of the Kaiser into the hands of the President of the United States, and that he will return home to his mother and sister with some stars in his crown; he has the make up to do or die, and if he does not make a record in this fight we will be sadly mistaken.

We intended to show you another one of Knox county's brave young men in this issue, but we failed to get the cut in time, so you may look for it in our next issue.

The Meeting of Citizens Brings Ticket in Field

Last Saturday night the mass meeting that was adjourned from the Monday night before, named a ticket for the various offices from Mayor down, at the meeting held on the 17th, a committee was appointed to draft a platform and to name a ticket upon which to run for the city offices. The chairman, H. H. Owens, named the committee as follows: R. W. Cole, G. W. Tye, Thos D. Tinsley, B. B. Golden and J. A. McDermott, but Mr. McDermott shifted the responsibility to Mr. Owens.

At the meeting Saturday night harmony prevailed and after the meeting was called to order Mr. Owens called for the report of the committee, E. T. Franklin, responded and after a few remarks presented the following names as the selection of the committee as candidates for the seven offices to be filled: For Mayor, Thos D. Tinsley; For Councilmen, R. W. Cole, J. R. Jones, B. B. Golden, S. B. Dishman, Leslie Logan and G. W. Tye, on motion they were unanimously nominated. The platform was not read or adopted, as they had failed to prepare one, but stated that in the selection of the men they did not deem it necessary to have a platform, as the men nominated were of that class that always do things just right anyway.

This ticket was in most part selected by the Civic League and the ladies sure did select some ticket, they are all good men, and men who want to see the town flourish.

Powers Is Still Popular

Hon. Caleb Powers, our representative in Congress from this district, addressed the people of this county last week, speaking at six different points in the county. At each place he was greeted by a tremendous outpouring of the people, and at each place his remarks were earnestly listened to and applauded vociferously. His remarks were explanatory of how this nation became involved in the World War, and other things, all of his speech meeting with the hearty approval of the people who heard him.

Before entering this county last week, Mr. Powers toured Monroe county, making several speeches, and at each appointment the buildings would not hold the crowds that came to hear him. The admiration in which Mr. Powers is held by the people of this part of the state seems to grow stronger year by year and in each successive visit is more plainly shown. We predict that next year, when he will be a candidate to succeed himself, he will find his opposition very weak indeed, if any at all. So we say, let's make it unanimous.—Cory Weekly.—Adv.

D. W. Gardner To Hear Contest Case

Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 26.—D. W. Gardner, of Salyersville, was appointed today to try the case of W. R. Lay against R. S. Rose. The contest is for the Republican nomination for Judge in the Thirty-fourth Judicial District.

BIG DEMONSTRATION

SOLDIER BOYS SHOWN GREAT TIME

Last Friday morning was the time set by the Army Officers for the departure of the 48 boys who had been selected by the draft laws to take their leave for the cantonment at Camp Taylor where they will be hastily trained and then sent to the trenches in France to assist in placing the flag of this Nation over the towering spires of the Capital of the land of plutocracy and anarchy, Germany.

As was arranged by the committee the procession was formed at 9:30 a. m. headed by a brass band, the first in the line was the school children about 500 of them were in line they were preceded by six young women from the High School who carried a large flag, then came 60 little girls entirely encompassed by a streamer of bunting of stars and stripes, then came the entire force from the Hickory mill carrying their flag and each man and woman of that force carried a piece of hickory turned as a walking cane and a small flag, they were under the command of Col. T. W. Minton, who handled them like the commanding officer of an army. Miss Nola Minton, was right on the job, it was she that furnished the flowers to the boys, then came the citizens who fell in line without picking his partner, it was a time when politics, religion and conditions of life were forgotten for the time and all joined in the parade with the only intent of showing the boys that we are in sympathy with them and that we would ever remember them, and that we wished to be remembered by them even though they were in a foreign land fighting a foreign enemy for the love of humanity.

Just behind the white citizens came our patriotic and liberty loving colored citizens with their own brass band heading their part of the parade with their school children at the head of their column, and then their citizens. The entire procession was something near one half mile long and when the front of the procession had reached the depot they were halted, the column was opened so that the soldier boys could pass between those of their lovers and admirers in order that each might have a chance to say good bye and that the boys might look into the faces of those who hold them in kind remembrance.

At the station Miss Minton, assisted by other ladies pinned a Dahlia on the lapel of each

soldier's coat, the band played to try to drive away the tears, old men who had faced the cannons roar of other wars spoke in the most cheering words that they could say, but when the boys formed in line and started on their long march to the trenches in France and the band struck up that tune the dearest to the hearts of all Kentuckians, "My Old Kentucky Home" there was not a dry eye to be seen, and the only voice that broke the silence, at the conclusion of the tune, was the subdued sobs that fell like a thud at saying the word good bye.

Patriotism in Barbourville is not dead its citizens are as true to their Government as the needle is to the North Pole, every place of business in the city was closed except one. Old men, young men, professional men, men of all classes and colors, old women, young women, girls of classes and colors fell into line without stopping for a moment to select a partner. In every battle for the right since Kentucky has been a state, Barbourville and Knox county has furnished her quota of defenders of the rights of others. This war may soon come to an end, these last may not have to go to the trenches in France, we hope they will not have to go, some eight or ten of Knox county's best boys are already there, and we hope that each of them may return to their homes and friends with stars in their crowns of glory for the execution of daring and noble deeds. Another quota will soon leave; keep your flags ready and let us show these also that we love and honor them.

Christian Church Notes

This church has the unified service. It begins at 9:45 a. m. The Educational Period, commonly called the Bible School.

10:30 a. m. The Business Period. This includes Bible School reports class reports and all announcements of the S. S. Supt. and Pastor, and all other matters of business.

10:45 a. m. The Devotional Period. Singing, Prayers, the Lord's Supper, and Special music.

11:20 a. m. The Preaching Period, and receptions of additions, 12 M. Benediction.

Next Sunday at the Church of Christ the subject will be, "The first need of the churches of Barville." Sunday night at 7 o'clock the subject will be, "Evolution and the Bible."

Welcome, good singing, and hearty greeting.

TAX! TAX!

ON September 1, 1917, you will be required to list your money for taxation, unless you have same in bank. If you list same it will cost you not less than \$1.15 tax for each \$100.00 you have. If you have it in bank it only costs you 10c for each \$100.00 you have. By having your money in bank you save in tax \$1.05 on each \$100.00. You avoid the danger of loss from robbery, fire and theft.

Bring your money to deposit with

National Bank of John A. Black

We have more than 2000 depositors; Assets consisting of Money, Good Notes, Real Estate, Etc. of More than One-half Million Dollars.

We Pay 3% On Time Deposits

W. R. LAY, Acting Pres.

J. R. JONES, Cashier.

J. M. Robison President. F. R. Barner Vice Pres. R. W. Cole Cashier.

"The Roll of Honor Bank"

More than half million of deposits

This is the place to get help, when you need it.

It is also a good safe place to keep your money.

Interest Paid On Time Deposits.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Barbourville,

Kentucky

The Mountain Advocate
INCORPORATED
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY
The Official Organ of the Republican
Party in Knox County.
W. H. McDONALD, Editor
Entered as Second-Class Matter February
1914 at the Postoffice at Barbourville,
Ky., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



Woman Suffrage.

The question of woman's sufferage has been discussed extensively, and we have stayed out of it because we did not agree with the women, and some of our own political party, that they are entitled to it or rather they have a place that if they would pay their attention to is more important than to get out and raise all kinds of h— in big street parades and big demonstrations where they are sneered and jered at by a lot of roughs and tough hoodlums; and are looked upon by the better class with pity and regret that they are not at home attending to the duty that they promised before God and man that they would do, when at the altar taking the pledge "to love, honor and obey" the man that she joins herself to for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health until death do them part. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was without form, and darkness was upon the face of the mighty deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the waters, and there was light." Then God set about to make a finish of His work; He made all the other animals, the birds of the air, and all that is in the sea; then He be-thought himself, and He said,

"let us make man in our own image" and after he had done this he saw that man was alone; he made all other living thing male and female and he caused Adam His first man to fall asleep, and from his body he took a bone with which to make woman. He did not take it from the head, because she should not be exalted or extolled over him, He did not take it from his feet that she should be trampled upon by man, but he took it from the man's side in order that she should be a side partner with man, and God called her Eve, and that it was not good that man should live alone, so he made for him an helpmate.

Mother Eve was happy and content, and not until the serpent slithered himself into the beautiful Garden of Eden, where the flowers bloomed in profusion, and where the tree of life bore fruit every month in the year, where she and her husband Adam, were happy and content, where she was wont to do the bidding of her husband because she honored and loved him. But this serpent told mother Eve that he was a wise guy, and that if she would eat of that tree that God had told them not to eat of, she would be as wise as God himself, she ate, she then began on her husband Mr. Adam, and she never let up until he also fell.

From that time it seems that the women of all ages have forgotten the purpose for which God made them. The writer is a married man, he has his mother living to give him that good and wholesome advice as she did 40 years ago, he has four sisters that he loves with all the affection of a brother, he has a daughter that he believes is as good as any man's daughter, and beyond that he believes that every woman in Kentucky, no matter whose mother, sister or daughter she is are too sweet, holy and pure to get out and mix in dirty old politics.

What is the result in places where they have Woman Suffrage? What change has it made in the general result? If the re-

turns are correct, in the states where women vote, the general result remain unchanged. They claim that the women want to vote for the purpose of getting rid of the liquor traffic, well, take a look at the dry states. Where are they the driest? Did the women make any state South of the Mason and Dixon line dry? She helped to do it. How? In the same good pure way that we believe that she should do it,—by the good gentle persuasion, that kind and noble way she has of presenting things, she put it into the mind of man to do it, or it might have been so anyway, for the men of this Nation have become sick and tired of the "Cussed" stuff.

We believe that woman have a place in the world as well as men; they are the very best educators. In some counties of this state there is not a man connected with the teaching profession, even the county superintendent's are women, we believe that they should be allowed to do their part, but what good will it do them to vote? It only doubles the vote without changing the results. Every man and his wife will agree that they will vote together on all subjects and for each candidate and do it just that way; then why not let the men go to the polls and do the job, while his dear little wife remains at home and patches and sews the buttons on his pants so that he will be ready to go to work the next morning to try to make an honest living for himself, his wife and their little rosey cheeked girls and boys, give them an education so that they too may go forth in the world and make for themselves a living after the time has come when they are compelled to do so.

How It Looks to One not Running

In this issue, as will be seen, there is the announcement of two tickets for the office of mayor and City Councilmen. This is a mix-

ture on both sides when it comes to the political color, they each have four Republicans and two Democrats as candidates for councilmen, they each have a Republican candidate for Mayor. The Republicans nominated a candidate for the office of Judge of the Police court, and each side endorsed Mr. K. F. Davis for that office.

They are all good men, every man of them, they are aiming at the same thing, they all believe that they are right, the are all right, they only have different ways looking at thing.

The running it seems will be interesting all the way through, as they are each determined to win this fight, but after all it is up to the voter to cast his vote with the men that they believe will take care of their interest, that will make the most faithful and trustworthy officer. There is little room for mudslinging, the truth is bad enough to tell on any man, and some the truth often hurts worse than the other fellow.

The Editor is like the man who was told that he would have to change his way or that he would go to hell, he only replied that he had friends in either place and that it made little difference to him; the editor has friends on both sides, let the chips fall where they will.

Masons Have Another Big Time.

Last Monday night Mountain Lodge had another great time. They had a large crowd and some out of town visitors. The third degree was conferred, and some new petitions were read. They will have one big time on the second Saturday; all members are requested to attend the meeting to be held on that date, and any visitor that may be within our gates.

W. C. Faulkner, Master.
W. H. McDonald, Secy.



Tell them to go ahead

You might as well have the use of that building you are planning—there is nothing to be gained by waiting. There is no prospect of prices going down for some time after the war is over. Go ahead and let your contracts.

When it comes to the roof you can make a real saving, and get a better roof by specifying

Certain-teed Roofing

CERTAIN-TEED is not cheaper because the quality is lower, but because it is a less expensive roofing to manufacture. It is better, not only because it is cheaper, but also because it is light weight, weather-tight, clean, sanitary, fire-retardant and costs practically nothing to maintain.

It is now recognized as the preferable type of roofing for office buildings, factories, hotels, stores, warehouses, garages, farm buildings etc., where durability is necessary.

CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply).

There are many roll roofings on the market, but only one CERTAIN-TEED. It pays to get the best. It costs no more to lay a CERTAIN-TEED roof than it does to lay a poor roof, but there is a vast difference in the wear. You can't tell the quality of a roofing by looks or feel. Your only safety is the label. Be sure that it is CERTAIN-TEED—then you are certain of quality and guaranteed satisfaction.

Certain-teed Slate-Surfaced Asphalt Shingles are supplanting wood and slate shingles for residences. They cost less, are just as good looking, wear better, won't fall off, buckle or split. They are fire-retardant, and do not have to be painted or stained.

Certain-teed Paints and Varnishes are the best quality paint materials, ground and mixed with mechanical accuracy. Made for all uses and in all colors. With paint, as with roofing, the name CERTAIN-TEED is a guarantee of quality and satisfaction.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Indianapolis, Atlanta, Richmond, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Des Moines, Houston, Davenport, London, Sydney, Havana.
COLE, HUGHES & CO.,
Barbourville, Ky.

BARBOURVILLE BARGAIN STORE

"WHERE QUALITY REIGNS"

New Line of Fall and Winter Clothing, Furnishings, Etc.

OUR buyer has just returned from the city markets where he purchased the Fullest and Most Up-to-date Line of Fall and Winter Clothing, Men's and Women's Furnishings, Etc., we have ever carried. By careful buying he succeeded in getting some first-class bargains. The trade is invited to call and inspect our large stock of brand-new goods, whether they buy or not. At our store you will find your dollar goes further than anywhere else; and in our selection of goods, whether you need a new suit, shoes, hats or anything in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing, we guarantee to please you.

The country trade is cordially invited to make our store their headquarters while in town. Come in and see us and look over our big stock.

Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a liberal share of your trade in the future,

Cordially yours,

BARBOURVILLE BARGAIN STORE,
Amin Simon, Proprietor

Grand Auction Sale

OF

The T. J. Vermillion Farm

and Town Property, now owned by us at BARBOURVILLE, KY.

This farm has been Sub-divided into Small Tracts of from 1 to 5 Acres, each tract fronting on road, a complete farm by itself, with a number of Valuable Lots, known as the J. M. Locke property, near Depot, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION

FOR THE HIGH DOLLAR

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1917

On the premises, at the Depot, at 10 o'clock a. m., rain or shine.

This sale consists of a number of small farms suitable for truck or poultry farms, and nicely located for suburban homes, it being located just beyond the cemetery from town on graded road, and has on it a splendid house, and what is known as the depot property, consisting of a good store building, one nice cottage, two good large warehouses and a number of vacant lots, all of which are suitable for business purposes, and is the most valuable property in Barbourville, as it is located just a few yards from the Depot.

TERMS: $\frac{1}{3}$ Cash; Balance, 1, 2 and 3 Years.

See This Property Before Day of Sale.

the only available property near the Depot and will soon be the heart of this hustling little city.

This is the best located property in or near town. The farm is located almost in town and is the best farm near town; and the town property is the best located property in town for business purposes, as it is

FRANK MILLER LAND CORPORATION

Main Offices, BRISTOL, TENN.; Branch Office, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Don't forget that this property must and will be sold for your own price. We have traded for it and must sell it.

John P. Morton & Co.

Incorporated

STATIONERY and PRINTING
ENGRAVING

Wood & Steel Office Furniture

422-424-426 W. Main St.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

TEAMS WANTED

15 To 20 Teams

Regular Hauling. Good Price.

Call or write,

Lyons Lumber Co.,

BRYANT'S STORE, KY.

Dr. B.L. Wilson

Veterinarian and Surgeon

OFFICE

Tye Livery Barn

Prompt Attention Given
To All Calls.

Profit By Britain's Experience.

In the British Parliament better supervision of war expenditures is recommended by the Committee on Public Accounts. In the American Congress, the suggestion has been made by many of the ablest men in both Houses that there should be a joint by-partisan Congressional Committee on war expenditures. If we profit by the experience of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, such a committee will be established before this session of Congress adjourns.

Are You Looking Old?

Old age comes quick enough without inviting it. Some look old at forty, that is because they neglect the liver and bowels. Keep your bowels regular and your liver healthy and you will not only feel younger but look younger. When trouble with constipation or biliousness take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are intended especially for these ailments and are excellent. Easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

Malone As Leader.

In the course of his letter to the President resigning his office as Collector of the Port of New York, Dudley Field Malone reminded the President that he (Malone) was the first man in this administration, nearly five years ago, publicly to advocate preparedness. This was certainly an unkind cut for Mr. Malone to give his benefactor. President Wilson delayed advocacy of preparedness nearly three years after Mr. Malone began it. The ex-collector seems to have taken a keen delight in making public record of his relatively better foresight.

Constipation the Father of Many Ills.

Of the numerous ills that affect humanity a large share start with constipation. Keep your bowels regular and they may be avoided, when a laxative is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. Obtainable everywhere.

Resolutions Of Respect.

On the 13th, day of September, 1917, the hand of death was thrust into our midst, and took from among us our friend, associate and co-laborer, sister Lula D. Stanfill.

Sister Stanfill had for many years been a member of this society, and during the time we were active in the work of the Hive, she was always with us, assisting, counseling and encouraging us in the work and striving toward the goal our order holds out for us.

It is therefore, Resolved, by Cumberland Valley Hive, No. L. O. T. M., that in the death of Sister Stanfill we have lost a good, true, loyal and faithful member; the members have lost a kind, affectionate friend, and the community at large a good woman.

It is further resolved, that we extend to the husband and children of our departed friend, our deepest and sincerest sympathy, and that this expression of sympathy be spread upon the record book of the Hive, and a copy furnished the family of our friend and sister.

Martha Tinsley, C. M.
Sarah Hughes, R. K.
Maggie Sawyers,
Sallie Hoskins,
Edna Farmer,
Committee.

German diplomats sneered at American "shirtsleeve" diplomacy, but they won't sneer so much at khaki militancy.

Produce Wanted.

I will be found in the Sevier's building at the rear of J. & H. L. Millers store. — I pay cash for all kinds of produce. Old hens 12c; eggs, market price, roosters, 7c; frying chickens under 2 lbs 20c; Ducks full feathered 12c; Turkeys, 14c. I buy hides, Ginseng, Yellow Root &c.

W. R. GIBSON & Co.

Notice of Dissolution

Flat Lick, Ky., Aug. 1917. Notice is hereby given that the Flat Ridge Coal Company, incorporated, is closing up its business.

ROBERT EUSTER,
Pres. Flat Ridge Coal Co.

How To Give Good Advice

The best way to give good advice is to set a good example. When others see how quickly you get over your cold by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy they are likely to follow your example. This remedy has been in use for many years and enjoys an excellent reputation. Obtainable everywhere.

To The Parents Of The Soldier Boys At Camp Taylor

I earnestly request the parents of the soldier boys at Camp Taylor to send me their names and the company to which they belong and their church relation if any.

I desire to have a personal interview with each of them and to be helpful to them in any way I can.

Yours very truly,

J. T. MARTIN, Pastor Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, Louisville, Ky.

WARNING-DANGER

All persons are hereby warned, that any wire, either telephone or electric light wire, which may become broken, and fall into the streets, walks or anywhere within the city of Barbourville, is dangerous. We caution all persons not to touch or come in contact with any such wires, but if any are found, notify the Barbourville Electric Light Heat & Power Co. at once. — Barbourville

Barbourville Baptist Institute

ANNUAL SESSION

Begins

SEPTEMBER 5, 1917

Ideal education for boys and girls. Provides a profession and prepares them for life. Students find a homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit.

OUR TERMS ARE VERY LIBERAL.

For Information, Address

J. L. BRYAN, President.



THE GIRL WHO WAS A SOLDIER BOY

HOW I WENT "OVER THERE" WITH PERSHING'S DIVISION

By HAZEL CARTER

Mrs. Hazel Carter of Douglas, Ariz., is a young woman, twenty-two, whose young husband, Corporal John J. Carter of the United States army, was ordered to France with the Pershing expedition.

Determined to accompany him, she obtained a soldier's uniform and fell in as a private on his departure. She was five days at sea on the transport before discovered through a chance. After the arrival of the famous division in France she was returned home against her wishes.

It is a story of romance, dramatic in its qualities, full of the soldier color and still is of real news value, since Mrs. Carter is the first to relate the details of that voyage and safe arrival first hand—one that made history.

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CHAPTER II

Right Among the Army "Dough-boys."

It may not seem far to most folks from a barge moored alongside a transport, over the side and aboard, but it looked like a long, tough journey to me.

Three days and nights I toiled and sweated and worked on that barge until I thought I would drop, but all the time I was figuring and watching—watching for the chance to get aboard the big dm colored ship on which my husband and another piece of the Pershing expedition were to go to France. This watchful waiting wore on my tired nerves and weary body.

From the time we left the train I hadn't seen my husband, and I began to think one look at him would be a great tonic for sore eyes. Continually I strained in vain for a single glimpse. On the barge I had no trouble concerning the fact I was a woman, because everybody was too busy loading supplies to pay attention to me, and I found a place to sleep off by myself, which was a comfort. At least I sneaked my uniform off—for a short time.

Finally there was even more activity than on the previous days, and tugs began to bustle and cluster and fuss busily about us, so I knew if I ever were going to make a break I would have to be then. It gave me a good idea of how a soldier feels before he goes "over the top" for the first time.

Aboard at Last.

They were getting ready to cast off the barge, and most of the officers were lining the rails of the transport astern when I made my try. Once I had my feet on that deck I decided to go below and stay as quiet as possible, so I lost no time in ducking into the first companionway I saw. Unfortunately for me, a second lieutenant happened to be ducking out at the same time, and we bumped hard. He reeled back and said:

"What the devil are you doing?"

I had come to attention at once and saluted.

"I was going below, sir," I mumbled in my deepest voice.

"Who are you?"

"Carter, sir, K company."

"Carter, be more careful about turning corners and going in and out of doors after this," he said touchily and moved off.

"Yes, sir," I answered and saluted.

When he had gone I was trembling all over, and I proceeded more carefully, you may be sure. It was the first time I had ever been aboard a big ship—the first time I had ever seen salt water, in fact—so I didn't know my way around very well. However, when I got downstairs I found that one of the transport's decks had been made into a big bunk room with the partitions knocked out and bunks in tiers of three each all around the sides.

Luckily I spotted a couple of the boys from Company K and followed them to the section in which they were quartered. They looked like old home week to one lonesome girl, and I got to thinking of the nights down in Douglas when they used to come over and sit on our porch and spill close harmony all over the place. But they didn't recognize me, so I threw my outfit into a middle bunk that was empty. I was lucky to find one to spare, because they were using all the available space on that ship. The bunks were made out of canvas, stretched very tight, and they rode comfortably enough when we once got started.

I could feel the ship getting under way, and I was a little sad, with no one to talk to and longing to get out of my clothes and stretch out on my weary body on one of those bunks. I was so tired of inhabiting that uniform I knew I would give anything to feel a little soft lingerie next me and perhaps have on a petticoat again, although they tell me the girls down east don't wear any of them nowadays—only the old fashioned girls.

Under Way.

The men were all around me, many I had known in Douglas, but they didn't bother with me, because I guess they were a little blue at leaving themselves, as anybody was bound to be at a time like that, and I suppose it was the sober atmosphere got me to longing for that lingerie there. You could have cut it with a knife. The old timers probably put me down for a sobby Sammy who had just joined. Finally I straightened myself up and thought:

"Buck up! You're a deuce of a soldier."

I looked around. The old timers who had campaigned in the Philippines and

some even in Cuba back in 1898, while most of them had been in Mexico, did not look sad, but I will say there were darned few of them grinning as we felt the ship slip out of that dock. The youngsters—the boys who had just come in the regiment on the border and had never been east before—showed it. They didn't know whether they would ever be back again, and they were thinking about it and about the little red house with the white fence back home and the girl and wondering why they joined the army and wishing they were in Arizona. But I don't want to pull any sob stuff.

"This is a fine way to send us off," complained one boy who was not more than a lad, a very pronounced rookie. "There are no flags, no bands, no cheers, no beer, nothin'. It's a great way to fight a war."

"Wait till you get over there, kid, and you'll wish you were back here," remarked Private Smithers, a grand fighting man, but always a private, although an old timer in the army. His name is not Smithers, either. If I told his real name it might get him in bad.

"But hold your head up, son. The worst you can get is to be killed, and you won't know about that," he concluded.

The case of Private Smithers reminds me of an army story.

"You object to your men drinking?" asked a friend of the colonel of a regiment on the border one day. "Why, Private Bill Jones has always been a drinker when on leave, and you say he is a fine soldier."

"Yes, and he's always been a private," answered the colonel.

This fitted Smithers' case exactly. He was a good soldier and a fine fighter, but cut from the pattern of a private and always intended for one. Pretty soon I noticed him staring at me closely, and I moved away, although I knew Jim Smithers wouldn't tip me off. However, I didn't want him to get on if I could help it.

It seemed risky to go on deck yet, so I sauntered toward my old stamping ground, which had been so friendly to me en route from Douglas—the ship's kitchen.

What I really wanted to do was pace my husband, for I hadn't caught a glimpse of him on the transport—in fact, had not seen him since the troops left the trains. No sign of him. I wondered a little how he would take it when he found me still along.

"That she blows!" hollered a voice. We could feel the ship moving under her own power, and by the glimpses I caught through the portholes I saw we had straightened out in the stream.

Then a panic seized me. What if my husband was not aboard that ship? Suppose he had been transferred to some other regiment at the last minute. They do such things in the army without asking the permission of wives, which makes the husbands harder to follow. I had no way of knowing whether he was aboard. What if—

"Hey, there, Joe, heave to and lend a fellow a hand, will you? What do you think this is—a tango tea?"

The speaker was one of the kitchen crew. When the transport started its perilous journey to "some port in France" he was hustling crates of food into the storeroom down below. Others of the men were busy with similar tasks, getting things shipshape. There seemed to be no romance about this farewell. It was a case of getting down to brass tacks. After awhile I stole above. There was no excitement, no depression now. Everything was as usual, just as if the boat were bound for a little sightseeing trip around Manhattan Isle. The sentimental Sammy recovers quickly. Besides, the men did not know how many German eyes might be watching their departure, and they wanted to show the enemy they meant business. Only when they passed the statue of Liberty did they stop whatever they were doing and stand at salute. As one of them, a wiry westerner who went into Mexico with Pershing, put it:

"We got to give the old girl the glad hand as we go."

Off For "Some Port In France."

It was right after midday mess we left the pier in Hoboken. Two days later we were still anchored out in the bay. The other transports were all around, some of them so close the men could call back and forth. No one knew when we would depart. I was on deck when I saw a couple of the other transports moving out. It would be our turn next. I went below. My heart was turning all kinds of flips. We were leaving for "the port in France," and I was still safe. I had

stayed out of the way of my husband, although I had seen him and knew he was aboard. He was quartered farther forward than I was, with the rest of K company. If luck stayed with me a few hours more my goal would be gained. I would go to France with my husband. Five minutes later we were on our way. I was too far now for them to put me off, and I was very happy. Still I longed for some lingerie—and a bath.

After leaving port whether we steamed directly for France or what we did I am not permitted to say. Besides, what I could tell wouldn't amount to much, because I will admit the ocean looked the same to me all over, and I don't see how the captain kept from getting lost.

That night we settled for the sea, and over me was a rookie and under me an old timer. It was quite a sandwich, although of course neither knew there was a girl in the bunk between them. Perhaps they would have been more careful of their language at first if they had.

The men did not address altogether at night, but pulled off their shoes and loosened their shirts. If it had been otherwise I would have been gone sure. We never knew when we would be called for submarine drill, and about half the time on the way over we had to get up at half past 3 in the morning—what for I am not allowed to tell.

The Timid Rookie.

We had hardly cleared the harbor when the rookie quartered above me began to fret about submarines.

"What's the matter?" I hollered up. "Are you afraid of U boats?"

"Well, I ain't exactly cheerful about them," he replied.

The conversation seemed to relieve the strain, for he talked along continuously, for company I guess, until the old timer down below me broke loose with some conversation that would have to be printed on asbestos paper and concluded:

"Say, Alf, if you're goin' to get killed, I wish you would go outside and do it and let some of us guys around here what needs it get a little good out of this bay."

The outbreak resulted in a lot more grumbles from other parts of the bunk room, and the poor boy had to toss about silently and listen to the rest snore. There were some snorers in that outfit.

It wasn't long afterward that this rookie above me got seasick—about as seasick as anybody can become, I reckon. Then he was afraid we wouldn't meet a submarine or that the torpedo might miss us.

"I don't care what it is," he complained, "so long as it stops this ship. Even a rock might do."

I felt sorry for the boy and would have liked to mother him, but didn't dare. He had only been in the army about three weeks. He was homesick and seasick and everything else—a sad looking Sammy.

Most of the soldiers were seasick, and there was a lot of kidding from those who were not. However, a few got boastful at first only to keel over finally, and they caught it the hardest.

It was about this time Private Smithers played Cupid for me. I hadn't talked to my husband yet when I saw Smithers, the professional private, approaching me. It was the first day out. I started to duck, but without attracting attention he stopped me.

Sees Her Husband Again.

"Say," he said, "I'm on, but I'm not going to tip you off. Don't worry. I just saw your old man, and he knows you're aboard now. A few of us old fellows in the regiment are in the know, and we'll cover you up. But look out for these kids. I'll swap bunks with you tonight, and you can sneak up to mine after lights are out. Your old man is bunking right above me."

So far I had kept out of my husband's way because I was afraid he might order me to report myself. Since I knew his duties pretty well and where he would have to be at certain times I could easily do this. Of course at home I gave the orders, but the discipline in the army is different, and I realized his soldier training might force him to do what he didn't want to. However, when Private Smithers brought me this message I could hardly wait for "lights out" so I could sneak forward to see and talk to him.

(Continued next week.)

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No. 37, Lve. " Sundays	4:30 p.m.	
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No. 4, Arr. Artemus	1:20 p.m.	
No. 6, Arr. Artemus	6:45 p.m.	
No. 36, Arr. " Sunday	9:40 a.m.	
No. 38, Arr. " Sunday	6:45 p.m.	
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NORTH BOUND	
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